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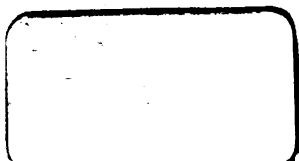
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# *Andean Melodies*

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*Trumbull*

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1. Poetry, American



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# Andean Melodies

By

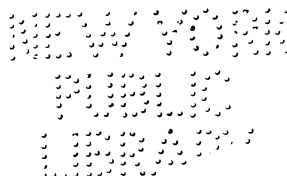
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The Knickerbocker Press

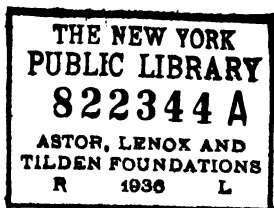
New York

1912



T.C





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BY  
JOHN TRUMBULL

JOHN TRUMBULL  
ALBANY  
1912

To

MY DAUGHTER ALICE

WOR 4 FEB '36

!

## Prologue

Sipping at words, like honey-bees,  
And seeking to distil them,  
Like those who plunder flow'ring trees,  
And trail flower-fragrance with them,

A poet flits from flower to flower,  
Following his own blind instinct;  
Though, should his wings but have the power,  
The universe his precinct.

Across life's barren wastes he goes,  
Piercing the lighted darkness:  
Wings past all pain, to death's repose,  
And pipes his note of gladness.

Follow his flight through fairy fields;  
Up hope's high mountain passes:  
Sample the honey which he yields;  
Which loss, from grief, expresses;

Then, having tasted, should you choose  
To praise his choice of nectar,  
It may be you will not refuse  
To love your wingèd worker.

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# Childhood



## **Those for Whom I Write**

My verses are for children;  
And for all such as be  
Of that fraternity  
Whose smile is innocence,  
Whose laughter no pretence.

My verses are for children  
Whose quest of happiest hours  
Is gathering wild flowers;  
Or looking out to sea,  
In dreamland reverie.

My verses are for children  
Who gather on the shore,  
Drawn by the ocean's roar;  
Or playing on the beach,  
Touch things beyond their reach.

My verses are for children  
Who read, as from a scroll,  
Power in the ocean's roll;  
Yet let life's golden sands  
Run through their chubby hands;

And for those too, who, like children,  
Afraid of shadows be;  
Yet face eternity  
With equanimity,  
Enamored of the sea.

## **To Anita**

*(A Lullaby)*

Go to sleep, my baby,  
Nestle close to me;  
With love's soothing music  
Would I quiet thee.

Go to sleep, my darling,  
Close thy peepers tight;  
Sleepy eyes are blinking  
In yon starry height.

Go to sleep, my baby,  
Tireless watchers fly  
Nightly to our firesides,  
Sent from heaven on high.

Go to sleep, my darling,  
Here they come again,  
And the breath of angels  
Clouds the window-pane.

Sound asleep, my baby?  
By those smiles I see  
Dreamland music wafteth  
Angel songs to thee.

## **To Anita**

*(In Memoriam)*

Go to sleep, my baby,  
Nestle close to me;  
With love's crooning music  
Would I quiet thee.

Go to sleep, my sunbeam,  
Daylight everywhere  
Softens into twilight,  
After evening prayer.

Go to sleep, my darling,  
Darkness reaching down  
Claims the hectic mountains,  
Sky and sea and town.

Gone to sleep, my sunbeam?  
Curtains of the night,  
Falling, come between us,  
Hiding thee from sight.

Fast asleep, my baby?  
Through my tears I see  
Only heavenly music  
Hence can waken thee.



## **The Town Clock**

Tang, tang, tang,  
Tang, tang, tang,  
Six o'clock!  
I 'm the big clock,  
In the next block,  
Bellman of night, black night,  
Tang, tang, tang.

Tang, tang, tang,  
Off to bed,  
Sleepy-head,  
Black or white;  
Now, say good-night, good-night,  
Tang, tang, tang.

Tang, tang, tang,  
May the light  
Greet your sight;  
And the day  
Bring sunny hours, I pray,  
Tang, tang, tang.

Tang, tang, tang,  
Love the right,  
Honor bright;  
And do the right  
Always, with all your might,  
Good-night, good-night,  
Tang, tang, tang.

### **One, Two, Three**

One, two, three,  
Baby wee,  
At the door,  
Gave me kisses four.  
On the spur,  
Lifting her,  
I took five, six, seven;  
While her glee  
Lifted me  
To earth's highest heaven  
Straight,  
Not like a crooked eight,  
As such jollity,  
Instantly,  
Would to nine in ten  
Of most men.

### **Sunbeam-Brother**

Daddy's little dumpling,  
Mother's precious lamb,  
Lala's roly-poly,  
Mamie's mischief "Sam";  
But than any other  
Name for our dear boy,  
David's sunbeam-brother  
Fills our world with joy.

## **Good-Morning, Mr. Sun**

'Morning to you, Mr. Sun:  
Mighty glad to see you, Mr. Sun,  
For last night I had a fright,  
Waking in the middle of the night,  
Quaking lest you failed to find the hiding light;

But as I was full of fears,  
And trembling on the very brink of tears—  
Frightened tears, you understand—  
I reached out and caught my daddy's hand,  
And at once dropped off with him to slumber-  
land.

'Morning to you, Mr. Sun:  
Mighty glad to see you, Mr. Sun,  
For although I had that fright,  
Now that you have driven away the night,  
I can laugh and play with that bright mischief-  
light.

## **Night and Day**

Every time the day  
Runs off to play  
With the dark,  
In mad skylark,  
I just shut my eye,  
Because the sky  
So gloomy seems  
Without day's beams.

Every time the night,  
That black witch night,

Runs away  
From the day,  
I open both my eyes,  
Because the skies  
Are full of light,  
And glad delight.

## **A Lullaby**

*(To J. J.)*

Come to mother;  
Yes, to mother's breast:  
Snuggle still yet closer;  
Sleep, and sleeping take your rest.

Sleep, my baby,  
Happy sunbeam dear,  
Anxious mother 's watching;  
Sleep, and sleeping smile at fear.

Sleep, my baby,  
Sleepy fluff of joy:  
Dream of lovely angels—  
Angels, like my little boy:

Bid those angels  
Guard thy father's life;  
Bring him safely home again,  
To his boy, and to his wife.

## **My Whistling Boy**

Whistling when he wakens,  
When the east grows red:  
Whistling as he quickly  
Tumbles out of bed,  
When his father's whistle,  
From across the hall,  
Claims an instant answer  
To his rising call.

Whistling when the darkness  
Gathers overhead:  
Whistling as reluctantly  
He goes off to bed.  
How is it that whistling  
Silences our fears?  
Nerves our timid footsteps?  
Fortifies and cheers?

All we know is, whistling  
Says to boys and men,  
"Face your spooky troubles;  
Grip yourselves; and then,  
Young in spirit, whistle,  
Courage to maintain;  
And throughout life's troubles,  
Hopeful, calm remain."

## **Sammy Jones**

Throw him out of the window, that naughty imp,  
Jones,

The spirit of evil, whom nobody owns.

It is he who makes faces, and sticks out his  
tongue;

Or else in a huff, on the ladder's last rung,

Sits sullenly silent for most of the day,

When his majesty's thwarted and can't have  
his way.

He 's the Turk who with both feet oft kicks on  
the floor,

Or picks up a hammer and pounds on the door

When he cannot get out; and then, on the sly,

With that cute roguish look whose real home  
is his eye,

Slips the latch and bolts out for a jolly good run,

Like the young colt he is, frisking free, full of fun;

While his nurse follows panting, all dignity lost

In the effort to catch him before he has crossed

O'er the track, where the train screeches angrily  
by,

While the driver leans out, ghastly fear in his eye.

That look, it still haunts me; and in my wild  
dreams,

I shudder and drip, when I think what it  
means.

Do you wonder I love him, and ever will,

The boy whom the dear Lord spares to me still?

Then again, that 's the scamp who spills ink on  
the floor:

Takes a pencil and scribbles all over the door:

Plays with putty; or picks off the new coat of  
paint

That covered the drawings of my little saint.  
Do you wonder his mother cries out in despair,  
And chases the rascal, who slides down the stair,  
And is off at a gallop, because he well knows  
His mother is dying to dust off his clothes?

I 'm sure I can vouch that it is not my Johnnie,  
But that same impish rascal, th' unruly boy  
Sammy,

Who plays football indoors and smashes the  
glass;

Or, when it is raining, runs out on the grass;  
Who fights with his brother and takes great  
delight

In punching his sister, because she won't fight;  
Pulls her dolly to pieces; dissects her new toy;  
Kicks the maid who restrains him; and, just like  
a boy,

Then sets up a howling and runs to the cook,  
Who coddles and pets him and bids him but  
look

At the dainties she ever puts by for *her boy*.

Spite, Sammy is never averse to partake,  
But pokes fingers in jam-pots and hooks  
mother's cake:

He climbs every fig tree, when figs are in season;  
And later the arbor, to stuff past all reason.  
The urchin 's an adept at getting quite full  
Of green peaches and quinces: he roars like a bull  
When pain doubles him up with those hard  
stomach-aches.

You would laugh could you hear the great noise  
which he makes:

See the faces he pulls, when the blue bottle comes  
With an old tablespoon, and a peppermint drop:  
Laugh louder to see him, mid splutt'rings and  
kicks,

Spill half of the contents: he's up to such  
tricks;

But stern mothers teach syntax, with rules, in  
our homes:

Punctuation is hard, till one comes to full stop.

Yes, that reprobate, Jones, can tell fibs—on  
occasion—

And he's wondrously sharp, full of quaint, sly  
evasion:

If the sewing-machine e'er refuses to go,  
Or grumblingly turns round, provokingly slow,  
Who ever would guess, from his innocent face,  
He had driven it hard, at a killing old pace?  
He throws stones on the tin roofs, to hear their  
loud rattle:

Takes a shy at the lamp-post, to prove glass is  
brittle:

Shakes the gate at our neighbors, to make their  
dog bark;

And blows peppers, meanwhile, down his throat,  
for a lark.

There's never a day but the rascal is up  
To plenty of mischief; and then his huge cup  
Of enjoyment is full, and throughout the long  
day,

Overflows as with laughter, like fields in May,



When spring trips lightly, and barefoot goes,  
So the blossoms may kiss her rosy toes.  
Do you wonder I love him, and ever will,  
The boy whom the dear Lord spares to me still?

### Joseph

I know a boy who journeys  
To Dreamland every day:  
Who blows huge bubble fancies,  
And on them sails away.

He takes as short-lived pleasure,  
Even in soldier play;  
For fife he tooting marches,  
And dreams he 's in the fray.

He hates the desk where scholars  
Plod o'er dull tasks at school;  
But loves to watch wee circles  
Ring o'er the dark-eyed pool;

So, while the other truant  
Scrambles far up the brook,  
He sits and angles fancies,  
Beside that leafy nook,

Where sunlight's rippling laughter  
Revealed the cool retreat,  
Where beauty which enslaves us  
Holds him, as at her feet,

Till dream's quick-darting fancies,  
Rising to keen delight,  
Though caught in thought, yet travel  
To where there is no night,—

With eyes like those, which, spellbound,  
Turn from the dawn's display,  
To hide their deeper feelings  
In the dull haze of day;

Or the deep eyes of one who,  
While poring o'er a book,  
Gives way to freshet-feeling's  
Full-flowing, far-off look.

And who may be this dreamer?  
What sort of boy is he?  
His name, what is it? Joseph!  
Laugh, if you will, at me;

But should you meet a Joseph,  
And should he disappear,  
Lost in the fogs round Dreamland,  
I pray you, do not jeer;

Lest back to life he scurry,  
With that scared, sheepish look,  
Of one who simply cannot  
Tell th' journey which he took.

## **The Night Train**

"All aboard for Dreamland,"  
Cried the red-capped guard,  
Whom you know as Sundown,  
Looking at me hard.

So my mother kissed me,  
Ticketing me through,  
As no doubt your mother  
Often did to you.

Then my hands she folded,  
Said my little prayer,  
And the night train started  
Ere I was aware.

As the train went rocking  
Evenly along,  
The slow, sleepy motion  
Hushed its squeaky song;

And the lights went slipping,  
Twinkling far away,  
Till my blinking eyelids  
Closed upon the day.

Though I heard no whistle,  
Much to my delight  
I could tell we 'd entered  
That long tunnel, night.

My, but what a long one!  
Yet the Driver will  
Run me safely through it,  
So I 'll just lie still;

But at the first station  
Where they call out "Day,"  
I 'll look out for brother,  
And drop off to play.

### **The Children's Curfew**

One evening when old Father Time  
Was slowly tolling seven,  
On those huge silver bells which hang  
From that high dome, called heaven,  
My dreamy little daughter pushed  
Her white face through the bars,<sup>\*</sup>  
Into the twinkling darkness gazed,  
And listened to the stars.

The stars at night toll very clear,  
In this far distant clime;  
And children, if they try, can hear  
That starry, silver chime,  
Which calls them from their evening romp,  
And tolls them off to bed,  
With father's kiss on each soft cheek,  
His blessing on each head.

<sup>\*</sup> Windows in Chile are gridironed with bars.

## **Jack Ashore**

Tommy Twinkle  
Has a sprinkle,  
On his face, of pepper spots;

But the salty flavor  
Of his shore behavior  
Tickles lots of little tots,

Whom with curses  
He impresses,  
When about the town he trots.

Racing by,  
Trousers high,  
Punctuating speech with dots:

You should see them gaping  
Open-mouthed, and aping  
Jack, e'en to his freckle spots.

As to curses,  
And such courses,  
Pepper 's not for little tots.

## **Little-Boy Stew**

Said cannibal daddy,  
Running off with my Harry,  
"As I love baby stew,  
And am love-hungry too,  
I shall have to eat you."

With his arms round his daddy,  
Said the resolute Harry,  
The brave little tot,  
"But I 'll kiss you first  
On the soft honey-spot.

. . . . .

"Now, daddy, I 's ready."

## **Evil**

Shut Evil from your mind;  
For should he entrance gain,  
The place will alter so  
You would not know your mind;  
And sure, if sense remain,  
You would not choose your foe  
To be your bosom friend.

## **A Happy Birthday**

The sun peeped over the mountains,  
And said good-day to me;  
So I pulled my tousled topknot,  
And made him a courtesy;

But then he looked right at me,  
As much as if to say,  
How could you be so untidy,  
And that, on your own birthday?

So I slipped into the bath-room,  
To wash, and comb my hair;  
And all day long thereafter  
Met sunshine everywhere.

## **The Braggart**

The city boy, with roaming eye,  
Bragged of the great immortal I:  
Told of the wonders he had seen;  
Places of note where he had been;  
And all with lordly, boastful mien.

Pricked by their manifest surprise,  
Our hero then sped on to lies:  
Outstripped slow truth; and with a sneer,  
Smiled at the pace of paltry fear:  
Boasted he never shed a tear.

With rural hospitality,  
His country cousin timidly  
Suggested they go out to play,  
And—glorious pastime—spend the day,  
Tumbling and hiding in the hay.

Dressed in his best, all spick and span,  
Straight to the door our hero ran:  
On gracious condescension bent,  
Proud of himself, and confident,  
Across the yard the boaster went.

As fast as frightened poultry can,  
The chicken-hearted hens all ran;  
Though the rooster seemed inclined to stay,  
To then and there dispute the way,  
Or else know why he should give way.

With wings which, scraped along the ground,  
Bristled with menace, turning round,  
Th' excited turkey-gobbler stood,  
Dressed in his blood-red warlike hood,  
In resolute, pugnacious mood.

But our brave boaster, nothing balked,  
On toward the barn mistrustful walked,  
Until the geese, with wings outspread,  
And hissing as they forward sped,  
Frightened our hero, and he fled.

He even, too, began to cry,  
For he saw contempt in every eye;  
Yet so it was, and so it is,  
When valor melteth at a hiss,  
And mighty boasting comes to this.

Until the hour of real need,  
A boast is braver than a deed:  
Once puny danger shows his face,  
The bravest boast sets fear the pace,  
Or stumbling, falls into disgrace.



## **Oh, Day**

Oh, day,  
Dear day,  
Why go away,  
When at the sight  
Of long-robed night,  
We quake with fright?

Oh, day,  
Delay  
Not on the way:  
Let morning light  
With glory bright  
Gladden our sight.

Oh, day,  
We pray  
That you will stay  
And be our king—  
The radiant king,  
Of golden wing,  
Whose reign we sing.

To-day,  
Oh, day,  
Prolong your stay;  
Till heavenly light—  
Celestial light—  
Hath made us quite  
Fit for God's sight.

## **The Personal Pronoun**

A crippled waif was lying  
Strapped to his bed by pain,  
When one of Christ's true sheepfold  
Told of the Lamb once slain;

And sought to make the sufferer  
Share in her own soul's bliss,  
By to him oft repeating,  
"The Lord my shepherd is."

"On each of your wee knuckles,  
Dot off a separate word;  
But linger on the third one,  
And claim as yours the Lord."

At first with fingers awkward  
He feebly tried, until  
There came th' entire surrender  
Of his opposing will;

When on his wasted knuckles  
He found sweet comfort, too,  
From to himself repeating  
Words dear to me and you.

And when the boy lay dying,  
On that third knuckle, he,  
With joy in his wan features,  
Kept pressing constantly.

## **At Bethlehem**

Peeping out one winter night  
From earth's coverlet of white,  
The wayside stones round Bethlehem  
Saw three wise men stride past them.

Though the world seemed cold and dead,  
These had heard their muffled tread:  
Seen heaven's unaccustomed light  
Make the night so strangely bright.

By the radiance of that star  
Which had hailed them from afar,  
The Magi met; yet they saw naught,  
But the vision each had brought;

And in silence on they went,  
Dumb from speechless wonderment;  
Till they reached a stable door—  
Shepherds crowding in before.

Who is it whom there they seek?  
Who is He whom they there greet?  
No one but a babe; yet see!  
Love's incarnate mystery.

Pillowed on sweet-scented hay,  
In a manger, smiling, lay  
Weakness, yet divinest power,  
In a stable come to flower.

Son of God, once come to earth,  
We, Thy children, hail Thy birth,  
Garlanding Thy diadem  
With peace on earth, good-will toward men.

## **All Day Long**

All day long, while Nita lay  
    Hovering 'twixt life and death,  
I could hear the mournful Day  
    Catching, as it were, his breath;  
But when Sorrow heaved her sigh,  
    As the steps of Death drew nigh,  
Grieving so to see her die,  
    Daylight closed his tear-dimmed eye.

## **The Soothing Hand of Death**

When Anita fell asleep,  
We with one accord did weep,  
And then fell upon our knees  
To thank God for her release;  
But the Day which saw her die  
Slunk away with reddened eye.  
Yet he came again next day,  
For he heard the moonbeams say:  
"Peace which follows death knows how  
Best to smooth pain's troubled brow;  
And since Peace hath smoothly laid  
Every feature while they prayed,  
Angel faces in the night  
Are more likely to affright,  
Than the face of that sweet maid  
Who on death gazed unafraid."  
So Day came, and cautiously  
Took a peep; then smiled to see  
That the kiss of God was there,  
And Love's presence everywhere.

## Anita

Long ago I lost her;  
    Yet it really seems  
As though any moment,  
    Just as in my dreams,  
She might come in running,  
    Tiptoeing toward me,  
Hands and feet in motion's  
    Baby ecstasy;  
  
Till my arms outstretching  
    Find she is not there;  
When my glances question  
    The unsubstantial air;  
And the empty silence  
    Presses home to me,  
That 't was love which wakened  
    That bright memory.

# **Frolic**



## **Unmitigated Thieves**

"Come, what is that you 're at  
Behind that broad-brimmed hat?  
You surely stole a kiss  
From that bewitching Miss.  
Had I been young, my son,  
I would indeed have done  
The same, but long before;  
So, Robert, on that score,  
I dare not now say more  
Than this: 'When you steal aught  
Of that provoking sort,  
Just have a little care;  
And especially beware  
Lest you again be caught.' "

## **Cherries or Berries—Which?**

He says he plucked ripe cherries  
From lips too tempting sweet:  
I 'd say he crushed wild berries  
On your indignant cheek;

Yet so, had I been younger,  
For but one chance to pluck,  
I would have risked, by thunder,  
My all,—and blessed my luck;



But now that I am older,  
I'd rather trust you, Grace,  
Instead of "the cold shoulder,"  
To turn toward me your face.

### **Aspiration and Desire**

If to rise you should aspire,  
You must aim at something higher  
Than your pillow; raise your head,  
And then, come, get out of bed.

If to ride be your desire,  
You need mount on nothing higher  
Than a hobby; ride it well:  
Some day you 'll have wares to sell.

If to fly you do aspire,  
Take a leap at something higher;  
See to it that you be bold,  
Clouds are often touched with gold.

Should you burn with fierce desire  
Once to set the world on fire,  
Soar, and like a noisy rocket,  
Drop down gold—into your pocket.

Conscious of dramatic fire,  
If to shine you would aspire,  
Be a star, a brilliant star,  
And draw big crowds from near and far.

Should you have but one desire—  
To be able to retire—

Boldly aim at a church steeple;  
Be a pious fraud, and fleece the people;  
And then promptly go to bed,  
And hide, oh hide, your shameless head.

### **Pons Asinorum**

Across a corner of the dark  
A spider spread his tapestry  
Of close-knit, intricate design;  
And then withdrew, to watch and see  
If any, studiously inclined,  
Inspect his geometric work.

But though, in starry-eyed skylark,  
The goblin Night most carefully  
Ran over each bewildering line,  
And blazed the way with dew, yet he  
Next morn, with great amaze, did find  
Night's due approval of his work.

### **From the City of Elms**

I sat beneath a pine,  
Pining my soul for thine;  
But only dismal sighs  
Swept through those sombre boughs,  
    With my sad sighs.

Beneath a storm-tossed oak  
I listened, and it spoke:  
I heard the wanton breeze  
Kissing those foolish leaves:  
    Clouds dimmed my skies.

Beneath a fair elm tree  
I lay, dreaming of thee:  
The whispering leaves above  
Told me of thy great love,  
And love-lit eyes.

Come, drown my sighs  
In those deep skies  
Which are thine eyes.

### **She Whom I Adored**

Lilian's face was lily white,  
But touched with rose, like dawn's:  
Her eyes, like dreamiest stars of night,  
Soft as a timid fawn's.

Illumined by her smile, those eyes  
Revealed love's deeps to me:  
Heaven spread their blue over my skies,  
And stole their brilliancy.

Into her alabaster ear,  
Incense of love I poured,  
In such sweet words none else might hear,  
But she whom I adored.

Her lips—of coral animate,  
And mobile as her thought—  
Parted, as if to seal my fate—  
A kiss which came to naught;

For beauty, swayed by passion, rose  
To towering height; and lo,  
The storm, which all my ardor froze:  
A thunder-clapping "Go!"

## Word from Heartville

To-day I had a message  
From a dear friend of mine  
Who lives far off, in Heartville,  
Where maidens sit and pine.

The inhabitants, though many,  
All dwell in separate homes;  
Whence, from their mansard windows,  
They scan whoever comes.

The approaches to this village,  
Though few, are much travelled:  
The finger-tips of feeling,  
When parting hands are held;

The shapely conchèd tunnels,  
Where only speech goes through,  
Clad in such tattered garments,  
Love smiles and laughs at you;

The wondrous wireless stations,  
Posted on Bright-eyed hill,  
Whose flashes, if you catch them,  
May make your heart stand still;

Though, as they talk in cipher,  
Sparking across the fence,  
Unless you 're in the secret,  
'T will seem to you nonsense.

My message came through Two-lips,  
And was so very sweet,  
I want her for my wife,  
To live in Happy Street.

## **Ad Infinitum**

**HE**

“ 'Neath this budding tree where Spring makes  
merry,  
Mischief bids me pluck one luscious cherry  
From those ripe red lips:  
Bees above are having their first sips.”

**SHE**

“Cherries nearly always grow together;  
And as friends should share with one another,  
Could you not pick two—  
One for me, and one also for you?”

**HE**

“Yes, and then what 's thine, to thee deliver,  
Scoring one, two, three, for me the giver;  
Or why not, like a bee,  
Daily gather from this cherry tree?”

**SHE**

“Since in that cherried kiss, I too taste bliss;  
Well, yes, you may to-day—and aye, for aye.”

## **The Belle of Ireland**

Weaving lawns of daintiest green  
So her wrinkles be not seen,  
Mother earth, who 's always spinning  
With her sister planets, sitting  
In a circle round the sun,  
Over work that 's never done,  
One day caught her children peeping;  
And in anger, quick up-leaping,  
Threw aside her starry spindle:  
Deftly threaded a pine needle  
With a strand of her own coast-line,  
By the tooth of Time worn fine;  
And around each prying daughter  
Stitched a sheet of quiet water.  
Ever since, each filial isle  
Dares do nothing more than smile  
Quietly; and that 's the reason  
Why, at every sort of season,  
Sailors claim they 're to be seen  
Decked in beautiful, fresh green:  
One they laud, a famous island,  
Known of all as the Belle of Ireland;  
And of her, stout John Bull saith  
Proudly, yet beneath his breath,  
"Though Pat wield a grand shillaly,  
Mine that charming, lovely lady."

## A Jolly Breeze

When near the house he whistles,  
Or down the chimney comes,  
To join the lamp-light parties  
Which gather in our homes,

Some say, "That wind sounds mournful";  
And driven, with desperate vim,  
Fly down the draughty hallways,  
And shut the door on him;

While I, with fellow-feeling,  
Call him a "jolly breeze";  
Though often for a frolic  
He strips my best fruit trees;

But then, he 's fond of joking,  
And loves to crack—my boughs;  
Or when I storm at trouble,  
Turns all my sighs to soughs.

That certainly sounds hoggish,  
As, too, you must agree,  
When *he* waits round the corner  
To pounce upon a *she*.

Yet he is naught but playful  
I think you must admit,  
For he snatches off her bonnet,  
And then runs off with *it*.

He 's but a sporty fellow,  
Much such as you or I,  
Eager to prove his mettle,  
Ready to do or die.

But when you cross the lowlands,  
He is the cheery chap  
You meet, who 's always singing,  
And who greets you with a slap:

A slap, by way of greeting:  
A tingle on the ear;  
Or, coming closer to you,  
Perhaps he starts a tear;

For, when he drops to whispers,  
He stirs us through and through,  
Like whisperings of conscience  
Which startle me and you.





## **Life and Love**



### **Design in Life**

Stop, I pray thee, tell me not  
That my life is but a blot  
Spattered on the page of time;  
Every life 's a speaking line,  
Drawn by etcher's pen divine:

Light and shade together go;  
And, as in life's prospect, show  
How, through raining good or ill,  
Sunshine must break through, and will  
Spread its peace o'er purpling hill.

### **Apple-Blossoms**

Mid the dainty, white-and-pink  
Apple-blossoms blooming on your cheek,  
Roguish dimples play at hide-and-seek;

And in hiding there, I think  
That, 'twixt merry laughter and shy gladness,  
I see love, in love, reproving sadness;

Yet if in one lingering kiss,  
Smothered deep in apple-blossom's bloom,  
You but let me bury doubt's dread gloom,

Summer sunshine's ripening bliss  
Will assure your lover's fruitless sorrow  
Many cosey winters for to-morrow.

### Isabel

Can that maid be  
The little girl who once did sit  
Upon my knee?

As a girl quite small,  
Her trembling heart confessed to me  
Its troubles all.

Her lips to mine  
Were often pressed, and there did rest,  
In trust divine;

But as love did call,  
Into my soul she softly stole,  
For good and all.

How could I know,  
That in but two short years that maid  
Would cruel grow?

Yet once she 'd grown,  
When Isabel heard love's appeal  
Her heart was stone.

## **A Willing Slave**

For, what is liberty,  
If daily, without thee,  
I slave?

Smile thou but once on me,  
And I will ever be  
Thy slave:

Let me but once, once kiss  
Thy finger-tips and bliss  
Is mine;

All that I am, and have;  
All that the heart can crave,  
Is thine.

## **Makers of History**

The witless world gives him who plants the flag,  
And roots it on the stubborn, shell-plowed hill,  
Booming acclaims of noisy victory;  
When often he who, clambering up that crag,  
Met death half-way, and at its foot sleeps still,  
Fired the shot which altered history.

## His Brothers

"Thy brooding loneliness, oh man,  
Impels me to inquire, forsooth,  
Had 'st thou no brothers in thy youth,  
Thou sombre, solitary man?"  
He answered, but with softening gaze  
Of grateful yet surprised amaze:  
"Yes, there were Innocence and Mirth,  
Sister and brother, twins by birth,  
Companions who grew up with me,  
Yet whom I taunted mockingly  
Because they loved Simplicity,  
Clung to the skirts of Purity,  
Or walked beside Veracity.  
I cannot now recall the day,  
Nor why it was they went away;  
Though this I know, that they did say,  
'You 'll kill us, if you talk that way.'  
I, scoffing, laughed; yet once they 'd gone,  
Lonely it was to be alone.  
The first to go was Innocence:  
She died when I was but a boy;  
Though for a while, urged by Pretence,  
I romped with him we nicknamed Joy.  
Then he too went the long, lone way;  
But Pride would never let me say,  
'*Peccavi*: Would they might come back,'  
Till now, when I, repentant, mourn  
My Innocence. Now, could I track  
Her steps, I 'd follow every turn;  
And though one led into the night,  
I 'd gladly die, but for a sight  
Of the lost Innocence of youth.

God grant that, by the guiding light  
Of His illuminating truth,  
Forgiveness yet may grant me but this earthly  
joy,  
To see them once again as when I was a boy."

### **The Sea-gull's Cry**

Whene'er a storm draws nigh,  
And sea-gulls circle high,  
Shrill voices from that sky,  
Whence torrents soon will pour,  
Hurl their defiant cry  
Into the teeth of the storm.

When life's fierce storms strike *me*,  
Oh soul, would thou might'st be  
Strong-winged and bold; nay, free,  
In life's tempestuous hour,  
To scoff at destiny,  
And override the storm.

To breast each whirling gust  
Of passion, yea, of lust,  
Mount, soul, on wings of trust,  
Buoyant and unafraid;  
For soaring manhood must  
Outride life's every storm.

Since fierce winds cannot last,  
When storms are overpast,  
And every mighty blast  
Leaves thee, oh soul, unscathed;  
Then shall the sun, at last,  
Shine clear above the storm.



## **The Almond Trees in Spring**

When beneath love's airy tree  
You so coyly stood with me,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring,  
Its frail canopy of white  
Hid heart flutterings from your sight.

Spellbound by your budding grace,  
Gazing on your open face,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring,  
"Here's my hand," I said to you,  
"And my heart; pray take it too."

Sighing then, a timid breeze  
Quivered through those bursting trees,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring,  
And the ground lay snowed with white,  
Faint suggestions of delight.

Lovingly I sought your finger:  
In my hand you let it linger,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring;  
Till I slipped-on that tiny thing  
It wears, your thin engagement ring;

Then your coyness all departed,  
For we both were merry-hearted,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring;  
And you tiptoed for a kiss,  
Fruitage of love's ripening bliss.

And ever since that full-blown hour  
Of love, the fragrance of that flower,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring,  
Though it pass with faintest stealth,  
Wafts me the sweetness of your breath.

And when winter brings the snow,  
Dreaming dreams, I always go  
Through that scented avenue  
Where I sauntered, Love, with you,  
In the early blossoming  
Of the almond trees in spring.

### **The Wooing of Eolus**

Brushing by my lady fair,  
Oft I 've fingered her light hair;  
Turned it over, so it might  
Tangle brightly, breezy sight;

But to-day I stole a kiss:  
That was all I dared; yet this  
Brought the color to her cheek:  
Love no further need to seek.

Still I 'll stay and linger near,  
Hovering about for fear  
Other vagrant venturers  
Trespass on those lips of hers.

If one should, then I will storm,  
And enwrap her slender form  
In a fierce and wild embrace,  
Ere I snatch her from his face.

I would woo her lovingly—  
Steadily, not boisterously;  
But if thwarted, at the last  
Love becomes a tempest blast.

### **Yesterday's Norther**

Keen-eyed from out the North,  
Fearless and bold,  
The spirit of desire  
Swept as of old.

Desire, in frenzied gusts,  
Howled through that sky:  
By youth's mad passions lashed,  
Billows ran high.

The bosom of the sea  
Heaved troubled then;  
And evil-looking clouds  
Did brows darken.

My anchor held all through  
That night of gloom,  
Though shipwreck fiercely tugged  
To rocks of doom;

Then suddenly the wind  
Veered to the West:  
Skies cleared; bright smiled the sea,  
And Love brought rest.

### **A Mother's Love**

It is a huge, vast continent,  
Whose one and only boundary is pain  
Which circumscribes divine content,  
So she may daily cry for heavenly rain;

Or else that love whose rivers run  
So deep, and full of love's great buoyancy,  
Would parch beneath life's burning sun,  
Whereas they flow full to eternity.

### **A Maiden's Love**

A sweet, frail flower: and yet, withal, a star  
Whose pure and steady light  
Guides man across the bar,  
Beyond the reach of storm, or darker night.

### **What is There, Love?**

What is there, love, that I can give,  
That can in any way  
Be worthy of the gift thy love  
Bestows on me to-day;  
Since all the wealth affection spends  
So lavishly on me,  
But serves to make the best I give  
Seem poorest poverty?

Languishing eyes have granted me  
More than love dared to ask,—  
Glimpses into thy very soul,  
Smiling behind life's mask;

While maiden kisses from soft lips,  
Confessing timidly,  
Revealed the strength of woman's love,  
And made a man of me.

What is there, love, that I can give,  
That can in any way  
Be worthy of the gift thy love  
Bestows on me to-day?  
The only gift within my power,  
That I dare offer thee,  
Is a heart which strove, and strives, to be,  
Like thee, in purity.

### **My Love May**

Boot and saddle Away, away;  
Mount my roan mare and ride to-day,  
"Over the hills and far away,"  
Through my clover fields all strewn with hay;  
For sweet as the breath of my love May  
Is the dewy breath of the new-mown hay.

Take my old gun, and my dog Tray,  
And hie to the hills: Away, away,  
Past the lowlands and lowing rills  
To where the sun bursts on the smiling hills;  
For bright as the smile of my love May  
Is the morning smile of the hills to-day.

Here is my rod and reel: To-day  
Joy is afield: Away, away,  
To where the speckled trout are flashing,  
To where the leaping brooks are splashing;  
For clear as the voice of my love May  
Is the voice of the silvery brook to-day.

On wings of airy fancy, spring  
Into the vaulted blue, and sing  
High praise of her whose wondrous eyes  
Are cloudless as our Chilean skies,  
In whose ethereal deeps to-day  
Bright gleam the eyes of my love May.

You must away. Oh haste, I pray,  
And ride, climb, wade or fly to-day:  
Leave me alone, but for to-day,  
To stroll these woods with my love May.

### **A Clean and Upright Life**

A merchant's watchful foresight  
Schemes, ponders, pipes his oil;  
Webs every sea, and makes the world  
Pay tribute to his toil;  
But wider than world-scheming, truth must  
hold  
An honest life's worth more than wealth untold.

To rouse emotion's frenzy,  
Make cheering lack for breath,  
March to triumphant music  
With those who scaled past death  
To heights of fame; yet worthier I hold  
The hero of a life as clean as bold.

An artist ever dwelleth  
In distant dreaminess,  
Till gleams of inspiration  
Touch mountain loneliness;  
But though such moments yield him dazzling  
fame,  
Their brief glow pales beside a star's pure flame.

What joy to be a poet,  
And leave the world a song:  
Rapture, to soar to heaven  
And take the world along;  
But greater than impassioned utterance still,  
That life which seeks to know, and work, God's  
will.

### **Tangles**

"Eyes of darkness, whose soft light  
Mitigates the gloom of night,  
Whence come the twinkles which ye have?  
And whence the darkness which they cleave?"

"Did He who made heaven starry-orbed,  
Whose smile creation's light absorbed,  
Greet too, as good, that darkness light  
Probes only with the soul's last flight?"

"Pain and sorrow, whence come they,  
Shedding tears 'mid life's glad day?  
Though by man scarce understood,  
Doth God's word pronounce them 'good'?"

"Pain, we hold, is love's disguise,"  
These replied, with pained, sad eyes;  
"For pain would that ye wooed health,  
Bride whose dower is more than wealth."

"Length of life will be your crown:  
Death, ye may not hope to down;  
Since thus only can the race  
Hope to see God, face to face."

## **Anxieties**

Often from my sleepless bed have I  
Waited for the day with anxious eye:  
Watched him, prying with a beam of light,  
Slowly lift the ponderous dome of night:  
Watched, and seen, that stalwart broad-backed  
day

Rise, and heave the solid night away  
Over those up-reaching mountains high,  
Far beyond where gloomy fog-banks lie  
On that dreary stretch of plumbless sea,  
So typical of intranquillity.  
Should the night e'er drop into that sea,  
Then would gloom splash over you and me,  
And swamp us 'neath its weight of mystery.  
Oh, dark, dread mystery of crushing night!  
Oh, sweet forgetfulness of living light!

## **A Prisoner of Pain**

One day Pain dragged me past his portico,  
Along a clammy passage, to that hall  
Where those condemned by fate to torture's  
thrall  
Are linked, for company, with galling woe.

His hall is a low-ceilinged, dismal place,  
Whose ghostly echoes are but gruesome groans;  
While outside, jostling o'er the cobble-stones,  
The heedless crowd troops by with callous face.

But from the darkness of that yawning gloom  
Which opens all about me, and around,



Stare men with frightened faces, anguish-ground  
And drawn, as though they saw within that  
tomb,

Whose groaning door I, too, so often see  
Swinging ajar; yet through whose portal, light  
Falls faintly on my swimming, sinking sight—  
Hope's beam to one tossing in misery;

For of that shipwrecked host which hopelessly,  
Fools claim, are drifting toward the shores of  
death,  
There are who dare maintain with broken breath,  
Death beacons to life's crowning victory.

### **The Province of Pain**

The pains we feel are X-rays which reveal  
What fleshly zeal might tempt us to conceal;  
And 't is by them we photograph the flaw,  
Or slightest fracture of th' unwritten law.  
May wider wisdom, granted from above,  
Help us to speed the coming age of love:  
Perfect, as God Himself is perfect, be;—  
Or, rather, strive continually to be;  
Till lowliest service shall be pleasure: health  
The priceless boon men seek, not pearl-less  
wealth:  
Till, longing for the promised second birth,  
Men wake one day to find Christ come to earth.

## **Trouble's Antidote**

When to heaven I raise my eyes,  
Through each rift in lowering skies,  
Eyes of wondrous calm I see  
Smiling, cheering, heart'ning me.

Is it that they look beyond  
All that can the heart astound?  
That, though troubles still abound,  
They have peace already found?

When with sickness heavy-freighted,  
Thought goes slow, and grows faint-hearted;  
Oh, what peace, if every eye  
Had their piercing purity!

## **Abiding Peace**

When at his grave, parental love  
First saw its hopes were vain,  
I trod the wine-press all alone,  
And groaned with inward pain;

For overcast was all my sky,  
With sense of utter loss;  
And yet I felt that God, through pain,  
Was burning all my dross;

And that He would, in His own time,  
When earthly troubles cease,  
Reveal the beauty of His face,  
And grant me heavenly peace.

## **Ambitions**

Youth, as it climbs the hill,  
Aims at high peaks which rear  
To heaven,—  
And scales their sides, until  
Those peaks loom near.

Age, going down the hill,  
O'erlooks those peaks which reared  
To heaven;  
Yet trudges on, for still  
Heaven is neared.

## **Fortunate Ones**

Happy, yes, twice happy, they  
Who as children learned to pray:  
Who at their saintly mother's knee  
Caught their first glimpse of purity:  
Who, first, through eyes of infancy,  
Sighted those realms of mystery:  
Whose childhood knew th' uplifting power  
Of that soul-winged, evening hour;  
And rose, on pinions of her trust,  
To where frail creatures of the dust  
Can soar, and glimpse that heavenly home  
Whence her dear voice still whispers, "Come."

## Roguish Cupid

It was really most unkind;  
Cupid, creeping up behind,  
From sheer mischief, aimed a dart  
At a pretty maiden's heart.

Through her heart there shot love's pain,  
Freeing fancy, firing brain:  
Quick she turned, and looked around;  
But the rascal on the ground,

Crouching low, hid in the grass,  
Holding up a looking-glass.  
"Oh, you lovely rogue!" she cried,  
As she her face unwitting spied.

" 'Tis your own face that you see,"  
Laughed the rogue, with honest glee,  
"Love has wrought its wondrous change;  
That is why your face seemed strange.

"If your face transfigured be,  
When you smile coquettishly,  
Once into *his* eyes you gaze,  
Love will set your face ablaze."

### **But All the Time a Boy**

Let all who would life's brimming cup enjoy;  
Who'd quaff its pleasures without fear's alloy;  
And, dying, yet leave friendship reconciled  
With death, be "once a man, and twice a child,"  
But all the time a boy.

### **The Keynote of Love**

Perched on the spire of yonder tree,  
A *diuca*, with fine gallantry,  
Poured forth his heart's glad ecstasy,  
In few, yet mellow, liquid notes;

But his exultant joyousness  
Voiced, too, that mood of tenderness,  
In which a soul, from loneliness,  
The melting plaints of sorrow quotes.

Why is it, neither bird, nor man,  
Has been content, since time began,  
With joy which every wish outran,  
To give, and never to demand?

Once we desire, joy soon takes wing;  
While self-forgetting love can sing  
The livelong day; and, like day, bring  
Sunshine and joy to every land.

## **Eternal Youth**

Beauty of itself is naught,  
For beauty's self is often bought;  
But should frail beauty be allied,  
Nay wed, to vital virile truth,  
Whose dower is perpetual youth;  
Then death itself may be defied,  
And thought survive when we have died.

## **No Counterfeit Happiness His**

When youth unto manhood has come,  
And affection has found him a wife,  
Love and happiness lodge in that home,  
Just to share in the joys of their life:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

Winter evenings the lamp adds its glow,  
While he reads to her, sewing apace  
On such garments as deft fingers know  
How to make of soft linen and lace:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

He rejoices to see the deft way  
She can handle such exquisite things:  
How she folds them and puts them away  
In a drawer, full of requisite things:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

With the doctor, anxieties came;  
For she suffered, and he suffered too;  
Yet at cry of their child, words were tame  
To express the glad joy of those two:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

Proud to carry her babe on his arm,  
On Sundays he walks with his wife;  
And through trying to shield them from harm,  
Picks his way past the pitfalls of life:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

Or again, with a boy on each knee  
In mad gallop across hillocked lands,  
His eyes fairly sparkle with glee  
At their laughter and clapping of hands:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

With the children he frequently climbs  
To the hill-tops to drink in the view,  
Or with them partake of choice rhymes,  
"Cherries Ripe," or "Little-Boy Stew":  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

And whenever they stroll by the shore,  
Or watch the green breakers roll in,  
Above the sea's infinite roar,  
Life's glad joy hears the heart's deeper din:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

And so, to the end of the chapter,  
Until he puts out to sea,  
He 'll join in the boys' merry laughter  
And share in their boisterous glee:  
No counterfeit happiness his,  
But genuine, exquisite bliss.

### **La Siempreviva<sup>1</sup>**

Content within thy lowly sphere  
In parching poverty to dwell,  
Dear, dainty little immortelle,  
Thy beauty doth to me appear  
Demure  
And pure,  
As that oft-times in seething cities found,  
Where poverty and brazened vice abound;

But, virgin of our bleakest hills,  
Amid the barrenness of life,  
Its clayey passions, hardening strife,  
The lesson which thy face instils,  
Is this,  
I wis,  
That everywhere diviner souls there be  
Which bud and bloom amid adversity.

God bless thee, and all those like thee,  
Who on this selfish, sordid earth,  
Through love's great bounty, here have birth;  
For beauty and humility,

<sup>1</sup> A dainty blue-and-white everlasting flower which in the early summer is found growing all over our barren Chilean hills.



Recast,  
Hold fast  
Our faith in man, and in the unseen God,  
Whose paths we miss if we go not unshod.

### **A Human Flower**

Woman, thy love 's a fragile flower  
Whose fragrance man too oft has power  
To steal, in some lone, tempting bower:  
Thou trusting dove,  
Too often spurned, after an hour  
Of yielding, frightened love.

But hath not nature made us so,  
That thy great love to thee brings woe?  
That, as in ages long ago,  
Thou givest him  
To taste love's luscious fruit; and lo,  
Th' avenging cherubim,

With drawn swords, watchful at the gate;  
Whilst thou, time's one unfortunate,  
Goest forth to hide thy sad estate;  
Till suffering  
Hath made thy motherhood elate  
O'er thy sin offering:

An outcast, far from home, alone,  
In soul and body seared to bone,  
Man's meanness hardens thee to stone,  
So selfishness  
Might, lusting, drag thee from thy throne,  
To glut his wantonness.

But God, who reads the heart aright,  
Entrusts thee with a beam of light  
Athrob with life, and pure and bright  
As thou, before  
Thy virgin dawn, at day's despite,  
Blushed deeply,—dawn no more.

### **Sweet Modesty**

"Precious little maid,  
Glad, yet half afraid,  
Why that tear?  
Is love aught to fear?"

"Love doth bid me go  
Smiling; and yet so,  
What if I  
Fail to satisfy?"

"If my modest elf  
Be her own sweet self  
Certainly  
That can never be;

"For simplicity,  
I confess to thee,  
Is to me  
Dear as modesty;

"Hence I press my suit  
Fingering love's lute;  
For such fear  
Makes you doubly dear;

“And I come to you  
With devotion true,  
Worshipping,  
Since I cannot sing

“ ’Twas that chirping wren  
Bade my amorous pen  
Imitate  
His call to his mate.”

### **Chopin's Music**

Whene'er soft-fingered music plays,  
She straightway lifts whoever strays  
Through nocturne glooms, on wings of sighs,  
To the wide gates of paradise;

And then, though silence lets him down  
Into the turmoil of the town,  
Above its deadening din he hears  
The music of celestial tears.

### **The Sea**

The sea is cold and cruel,  
And hath a serpent's hiss:  
It glides with a wave-like motion,  
And deadly is its kiss.

But the sea aroused is the emblem  
Of our restless, billowing life:  
Its seething tells man's trouble;  
Its storms depict his strife;

Yet, while its bosom heaveth,  
Through its unconscious depth

There rolls a tide of purpose,  
Mysterious as man's breath.

Oh! would that my heart could fathom  
That mystery, called life:  
Feel the pulse of its small beginnings—  
The heave of its giant strife.

And then, when the storm abateth,  
And peace breathes over all,  
May heaven lisp its message,  
And love lure with its call.

### **But Then, we Loved the Sunshine**

A poem is a perfect pod  
Of seed-thought, exquisitely wrought;  
Whose rigid form would fain preserve  
The fruitage of our silent thought.

Pods thickly hang on every branch  
Of yon old, gnarled espino-tree;  
Though why it flowers and bears fruit,  
Is but to question mystery.

Through unseen rootlets does it draw  
Rich sap from out the mouldering past:  
Life's crumbled joys and sorrows give  
To living thought its vital cast.

But then, we loved the sunshine;  
Gratefully breathed God's air;  
Stood rooted firm 'gainst storm and wind,  
And wrestled with despair.

Crush, if you will, our seed-pods;  
Scatter them o'er the earth;  
For by the favor of high heaven,  
Beauty may spring, and joy have birth.

If seed or line find lodgment,  
In soil where yet mysteriously  
Life may take root, we die content  
Knowing that we shall never die.

### **Creative Work**

A poem is a gleam of truth,  
Seen on life's wind-swept sea,  
Whose far-off glitter takes the glint  
Of ocean's mystery:

It is a flash of feeling, full  
Of sparkling imagery;  
Where fleeting movements feel the heave  
Of deathless energy:

It gathers, like a wave which rolls  
Out of eternity,  
To break upon the shores of time  
In rhythmic melody:

We feel its lifting buoyancy,  
Its rushing energies;  
The thundering volume of its voice,  
Its broken cadencies:

Its billows sweep the souls of men  
At toss upon this earth,  
Far from the paltry froth of life,  
To where winds have their birth:

Amid Creation's works we stand;  
We hear the stars applaud;  
We track man's powers to their source;  
And hail, not man, but God.

### **My Love for Thee**

Mystery, mystery,  
Ah me! the sea!  
Ceaselessly, ceaselessly,  
Calling to me.

Measureless, measureless,  
Stretches the sea:  
Boundless, boundless,  
My love for thee.

Restlessly, restlessly,  
Heaveth the sea:  
Passionate, passionate,  
My love for thee.

Fathomless, fathomless,  
As the deep sea,  
Infinite, infinite,  
My love for thee.

Mystery, mystery,  
Broods o'er the sea:  
Stranger still, stranger still,  
Thy love for me.

## **Soothing Music**

When martial music thunders its commands, .  
Men join in battle, and with bloody hands  
Grapple with Death, striving from him to wrest  
Supremacy; but they are more than blest,  
Who, in the cadences of music find  
Such harmonies as waken in the mind  
Melodious soothings; till man's wounded soul,  
By touch of healing music, is made whole.

## **Love's Office**

Soften human hearts with kindness,  
And unless there be soul-blindness,  
Underneath man's crusty hardness,

Everywhere the good upspringing  
Blossoms, grateful perfume giving;  
And through love's abundant seeding,

Helps to beautify the earth,  
And garland it with bright-eyed mirth,  
Where health and happiness have birth.

## **The Present**

*(From night, through dawn, to day)*

Gaze on the Past! You 'll find her deeply  
veiled,  
As though in darkest night,  
With here and there a jewelled point of light.

Turn toward the Future; when she hides,  
concealed,  
As is her royal right,  
In golden clouds of dawn's thin, fleecy light !

Live for the Present! See, she stands revealed  
In her imperious might;  
And all ablaze with love's warm, quickening  
light.

## **Window-Shades**

Though modesty has made your downcast eyes  
Demurely draw their fringed shades, so love  
Should not pour in, to blind or dazzle you;  
Yet still, I trow, you 'll find my finger-tips  
Are friendly messengers whom you can trust;  
While just inside the portals where soft speech  
Doth knock, there stands that ciliary host  
Whose duty 't is to warn your timid soul  
Of sighs which, speaking my soul's emptiness,  
Would still their perfect fulness find in thee.  
Would I might overcome indifference,  
And with the force of persuasion gain  
An entrance to that labyrinthine host  
To make them do my bidding; so that we  
Mighty parley, and arrange the mutual terms



On which you would capitulate to me;  
For I am sure that if your listening ear  
But caught the music of approaching, glad,  
Victorious love, responsive interest  
Would raise the shades which maiden modesty  
Has drawn, and flash, full in your hero's face,  
A smile of welcome—of rejoicing pride  
At his victorious coming to his own:  
He 'd rule your heart, if love admit him, yes;  
But only as prince-consort unto you,  
His queen.

### **For when it Was too Late**

Seen in the glare of youth's noon hour,  
Desire appeared to be  
A woman of resistless power,  
Arrayed right royally.

To him, the rustle of her dress  
Went by with silken noise;  
Followed his eyes, with tenderness,  
That low, Circean voice.

Imperiously she bade him rise:  
He must to her aspire:  
He rose and followed, foolish-wise,  
His brain a whirl of fire.

Trembling at each august command,  
Or gesture of desire,  
In vain he raised imploring hand  
To shield him from her ire.

Hard as bright, polished, murderous steel,  
The glitter in her eye:  
The torment of his life, to feel,  
Without her, he must die.

"I am life's one and only prize,"  
Her look: he madly kissed:  
The scales fell from his famished eyes  
And instantly he wist;

And hence, from shame, he never brags,  
For when it was too late  
He saw that she was dressed in rags,  
And at her side sat Fate.

### **Cupid's Forge**

Where is that busy smithy found,  
Where Cupid makes those wingèd darts  
Which everywhere bestrew the ground  
With wounded, bleeding, broken hearts?

Say, in what furnace heat of love—  
Tempered, of course, with foolish tears—  
Fashioned he arrow-heads and drove  
Longings e'en to the verge of fears?

Is it not in the breast of youth  
He fans the flame that deifies;  
Kindling, as in the heart of Ruth,  
Passionate longings, tender sighs?

Yes, in the glowing heart of youth,  
Where pulse of passion never dies,  
Hope hammers on the anvil truth,  
And shapes the thought love glorifies.

Youth is the world's idealist,  
Aglow with passionate desire:  
His ardent hope, once he has kissed,  
Too often ashes on his fire.

We may in time grow gray with years;  
But never should the spirit be  
Other than young, to laugh through tears,  
And still press on determinedly.

For in love, as in life's larger strife,  
The future's dawn must ever be  
Bright with the promise of a life  
That shall outlast eternity.

# **Nature**



## **The Bobolink Crew**

One morning in spring,  
All the woods they did ring  
With the antics and song  
Of that wonderful throng,  
The mad "Bobolink" crew.

"A strange ship touched at port,  
As I 've heard from report."  
"That may be, yes; but then?"  
"On shore-leave came her men,  
The whole 'Bobolink' crew.

"Some went by, on the wing:  
Some did row: some did sing;  
But for me and for you  
There are, in that crew,  
Only 'Bob' and his mate.

"And report 's not amiss:  
Able seaman, Bob is;  
For he 'll sail far away,  
When leave's up, on the day:  
That will 'Bob' and his mate.

**"But though far they may go  
On this earth, to and fro,  
In our hearts rings the song  
Of that magical throng,  
The glad 'Bobolink' crew."**

### **The Song of the Mapocho**

**Come along, come along,  
Ye young and strong,  
And hear my song,  
My dashing song.  
Why must ye ever go,  
So calm and slow?  
Join in the rush of life,  
And with me run to share the joys of strife;  
For though with many a bootless splash,  
I often come a crash;  
Do I not also flash,  
As for an instant I  
Dash at the sky?  
And duty done,  
Or wild race run—  
Be it lost, or won—  
Brings a mad rush of joy  
To whole-souled man or boy.  
Come along, come along,  
Ye hale and strong,  
And heed my song,  
My splashing, dashing, rousing song.**

**Come along, come along,  
Ye young and strong,  
And hear my song,  
My sparkling song,**

Whose earnestness would fain prolong  
The dazzling glitter of my short-lived song.  
Impelled by recent rain,  
I dash across my river bed;  
Yet never proudly raise my head:  
I flow along th' alluvial plain,  
Twisting and turning, but in vain,  
To escape the boulders of mischance;  
And though too often driven between  
The granite cliffs of circumstance,  
Or crushed by many a mill unseen;  
Still, with a heart to do His will,  
I daily run,  
Bold as the sun;  
Or, like a boy,  
Romping in glad sunlight  
And bubbling over with delight,  
From fullest thankfulness and joy  
I laugh and sing—yes, laugh and sing,  
E'en from this bed of rocks;  
And hope to make the valleys ring,  
Till silver tips my flowing locks,  
Where distance lingers lovingly and lays  
Life's restless glances in the haze  
Of far-off, dreamy, sunset days;  
For though in my short life,  
With struggle and with trouble rife,  
I often feel the shock  
Of many a flinty rock,  
I know I 'll reach the sea  
Where clearest waters be:  
Where God's transpiercing light  
Makes darkest lives and waters bright,  
Come along, come along,



Ye hale and strong,  
And heed my song,  
My jostling, joyous, earnest song.

Come along, come along,  
Ye young and strong,  
And hear my song,  
My fullest song.  
Come along with me,  
To the wide sea,  
To plumb the mystery  
Of deepest life:  
Pulse to its strife,  
If need there be,  
Ere vast eternity  
Shall swallow you and me;  
For life is brief,  
And I 'd as lief  
Haste to the fray:  
Be spent as spray,  
Fierce spin-drift spray,  
As dreamily to ebb and flow  
In some sequestered bay,  
Sheltered from storms which blow,  
Yet whose ambitions high  
Hurl billows at the sky;  
For there will come a day  
When, duty done,  
The mighty sun  
Will spirit me away;  
So I still would say,  
Come along, come along,  
Ye hale and strong,

And heed my song,  
My gleaming, gladsome, grateful song.

### **Songless Birds**

Happy swallows on the wing,  
Why is it you never sing?  
Flitting, darting, skimming low,  
Wheeling from the ground you go;  
Yet because you never soar  
Above the city's busy roar,  
Your twitting gladness never breaks  
Into song, when day awakes;  
Nor at sunset, when the light  
Softens feelings; but, like night,  
From your ebon wings there dart  
Gleams of gladness through my heart.

### **"El Jilguerito"**

#### **I**

Jubilant songster,  
Alight on my thorn:  
Most passionate poet  
That ever was born:  
Volatile minstrel,  
Gone daft with delight,  
Thy song is sufficient  
To scatter the night.

Morn comes at thy singing  
All radiant with smiles,  
And twinkles of pleasure  
Light the dew-drops' bright eyes;

But thy marvellous rapture  
And trills of delight  
Seem scarcely sufficient  
To scatter my night.

**"El Jilguerito"**

II

Gay little songster  
In yellow and black,  
Thy tide of rejoicing  
Seems never at slack.

Importunate minstrel,  
Thou callest the dawn,  
And from her low window  
She smiles at the morn;  
While through tears, oh, thou lyrist  
Of fleet-winged delight!  
I implore, "Let thy rapture,  
Now, scatter my night."

Thy song is infectious:  
It breaks out in trills  
Which startle the meadows,  
And gladden the hills;  
Till over my troubles  
It comes, like a balm,—  
Like music which softens  
And soothes me to calm.

Gay little songster  
In yellow and black,  
May troubles ne'er reach thee!  
And thy young know no lack!

## California Poppies

Full in my face their golden petals fling  
The soul of sunshine; yet to my surprise  
Love sees but glints of roadside welcoming,  
And rustic glances which appear to rise  
Like sparkles from a sea of laughing eyes;

But later on, returning to the town  
When lingering daylight's low, long shadows  
    come,  
Half-closed they droop and drop demurely down,  
As if to tell me I am nearing home:  
That there love dwells; and I no more need  
    roam.

## El Tronador<sup>1</sup>

The tense white knuckles of thy clenched fist  
Upraised to heaven, attest thy attitude,  
O Thunderer, whom in rebellious mood  
Mockest thy Maker. Thou hast seen, I wist,

<sup>1</sup> The Thunderer, the name of a mountain on the Chile-Argentine southern frontier, which appropriately derives its name from the frequent rumblings heard in its vicinity; and which are occasioned by the thunder of avalanches loosened by the nightly freezings which invariably follow the thawings of warm summer days. The mountain has several magnificent glaciers, the largest of which is the source of the river Peulla which flows into Lago Esmeralda; while on the opposite side lies Lago Frio, a choice gem of emerald in massive mountain setting.

Lovers of lake and mountain scenery could not do better than visit that region, with its lakes of unrivalled splendor, and its never-to-be-forgotten mountains, Tronador, Techado, Puntagudo—the Andean Matterhorn—Calbuco, and yet more glorious Osorno, the Fujiyama of Chile.

His glory burst on thee in storm and mist,  
Yet hast been blind; and, from sheer hardihood  
Of pride, frownest because the multitude  
Bow down to Him. Canst still God's love  
resist?

By day, stern-featured, proud of mien, I see  
Thee stand unmoved; but, in the dead of night,  
The sheeted silence quakes when thou dost  
groan.

It must be ghostly conscience visits thee;  
So grinding pain might bring thee to the light,  
Where coldness thaws and tears for sin atone.

### **Sunrise on the Andes**

When the fair dawn, in scanty light arrayed,  
Steals through the darkness, kissing all to life,  
At her awakening touch the infant East  
Turns roguishly; then, bolder growing, beams  
Through heaven; till to its fleecy rafters reach  
His roseate smiles. And once he finds his voice,  
Heaven crimsones with the glory of his song.  
The pallid stars withdraw, afraid to hear:  
Earth stills her breath and closer comes; while  
winds,

Faint from far journeying and panting joy's  
Exquisite poignancy, drop down to earth  
And fold their airy pinions languidly:  
Lithe leaves turn from their play, and listen.

High,  
Yet higher, soars that anthem, gleaming far  
Past dawn: on wings of ecstasy clouds poise  
Above th' Andean domes, which, shrouded, lay  
As dead till dawn stooped to their wakening;

When, at the touch of her chaste lips they, too,  
Majestically raise their surpliced forms,  
And with uplifted heads and eyes agleam  
Rift into song of dazzling rapture. Thence  
Joy rolls from hill to hill in one long wave  
Of billowy light, which, bouldered into spray,  
Splashes the fields and floods high heaven with  
    sheen;  
While outcast darkness, in its flight adown  
Those valleys, crouches to the earthward heave  
Of the incoming light and breaking day;  
Or madly clutches to the sun-swept face  
Of yonder cliff.

    And yet, with instant power,  
Morn's flood of sunlight makes th' hard-featured  
    earth  
Fair glow and joyously break forth in tones  
So deep the dewdrops tremble with delight;  
For when, with a master-hand, the artist sun  
Touches the golden strings of earth's huge harp,  
And wakes celestial melodies, at once  
The full-orbed music quickens every blade  
Of grass to gleams of timorous harmonies;  
While snow-clad peaks, which have for ages  
    towered  
Above earth's lowlier throng, blazon their praise  
In lines whose splendor and whose piercing power,  
Fruit of long dwelling mid star solitudes,  
Find world-wide utterance in the loftiest rhyme  
That ever rolled from glowing heights of song.

Aye, could we hear the sunlight speed through  
    space,

Flashing its glints of melody athwart  
Heaven's blue, then would man's heart eagerly  
haste,  
As darkness did when dawn thrilled through the  
gloom,  
To sing once more the song Creation sang  
When Chaos answered to the voice of God:  
At His, "Let there be light," the mild-eyed dawn  
Stirred the dark silence of immobile space  
To spiralled groupings of starry symphonies,  
And stellar fugues whose subject, whose response  
From Pleiad clusters, nightly twinkle forth  
The sun's, "Praise God for light, and life, and  
hope:  
Praise God from whom all blessings flow: Praise  
Him  
All creatures! Fill the whole earth with joy  
and praise."

### **Sunset in Valparaiso**

On that battered tugboat,  
Mooring for the night,  
With its peaceful blessing  
Falls the evening light,  
Like a quiet, soft-eyed welcome, low with love's  
delight:

There another circles;  
And its gleaming wake  
Trails long curves which wider  
Undulations make,  
Till in tiny ripples on the silvered beach they  
break:

From that floating foundry  
Watch those boats which come,  
Crowded to the gunwales,  
Hastening toward home,  
Towed by tugs a-scurry down long lanes of  
rustling foam;

While the men, impatient  
Once the shore draws near,  
Rise impulsively, and,  
Laughing loud at fear,  
Leap from boat to boat in rush to gain th'  
outreaching pier:

Aye, and lumbering lighters,  
Stacked with merchandise,  
Crawling to their moorings,  
Make us realize  
Why this hour of day, to toilers, seems toil's  
paradise;

But with strange, compelling  
Mystery, the sea  
Wakens dim suggestions,  
Stirring mightily  
Moods whose springtide heavings rise and fall,  
like melody,

Till the very ground-swell  
Of eternity,  
Cresting, breaks upon us,  
When tranquillity  
Grants enlightened vision glimpses of felicity;



Or the pensive quiet  
Of that sunset sea  
Leads our thought, through calmness,  
To serenity,  
Where reflection's touches give to both trans-  
lucency:

Here, a clear-cut figure,  
There, some shadowy line,  
Hints at form adorable;  
Nothing we define,  
Yet the poet in us owns all reflected light divine:

If in splash of sunlight,  
Dreams we realize;  
Shimmering beauties dimly  
Veil their glad surprise  
In a smile like that which flitteth round joy's  
tear-dimmed eyes.

But with golden glories  
Of the setting day,  
Cold and deepening shadows  
Overspread the bay,  
As if thought aglow with transport soon must  
pass away;

For th' approaching twilight  
Holds our thought confined  
To life's narrowing circle;  
While the undefined  
Stretches man's horizon past the utmost reach  
of mind.

But let a single ripple  
Ruffle that smooth sea,  
And a fleet of fancies,  
Scudding merrily,  
With their sails all set, go sweeping seaward  
fearlessly:

Wearied with day's travel,  
Longing for the night,  
Even at the foothills  
Drops the drowsy light,  
Glad to lay its golden head on mother earth to-  
night;

Though all we who listen  
To her lullaby  
Glimpse a tinge of sadness  
In that melody,  
As if earth were also singing the day's threnody;

For methinks that, sleeping,  
Smiles the evening light:  
That at his feet, the ocean,  
In each dreamy bight,  
Breathes as quietly, yet waits the coming of the  
night.

Watch those shadows creeping,  
Creeping up that hill,  
Till the Andes ashen—  
Ashen and lie still,  
Like a face which, graying, doth death's destiny  
fulfil.

But th' Andean hill-tops  
Stand entranced; and hold  
Mystic, lone communion,  
Like those seers of old  
Whose reflected glory still makes distant thought  
flash gold.

In the purpling twilight,  
Like an opal cloud  
Looms huge Aconcagua,  
Rising from its shroud,  
Like a seer whose vision seems with utterance  
endowed.

"Oh, thou mighty mountain,  
Thy transfigured face,  
As thou gazest heavenward,  
Holds us: this the place  
Where not fear of death, but dying rapture, we  
can trace.

"Naught of tearful sadness  
Should attend this hour:  
Thy enraptured vision  
Tells of hope's vast power  
To comfort, when the shadows deepen and when  
cold grays lower.

"We have had thee with us.  
That, at least, we know;  
And we bless Creation  
That it hath been so;  
Though in darkness we be left to grope our way  
below.

“Whither leads death’s beckoning?  
Whither do we go?  
Tell us what we mortals  
Long so much to know:  
Tell us ere the darkness wrap us in death’s deaf,  
dumb woe.”

“Though pale evening’s chill tinge  
Earth and sea with gray;  
Yet Light’s living spirit  
Westward wings its way;  
And where darkest night is, there shall smile  
the coming day.

“Had you dreamed the darkness  
Would the stars reveal?  
Know ye not that death, too,  
Must life’s goal conceal?  
God is Love; and that ye trust Him,—this,  
death’s one appeal.”



# **Imagination**



### **Midnight Revelry**

On the rippling moonlight sea,  
Nimble fairies, trooping, play.  
"Children of the moon are we,"  
With pert, laughing eyes, they say.  
"From the star-clouds' giddy spaces,  
With our pale yet fearless faces,  
On the moonbeams down we slide:  
Watch us as we lightly glide,  
O'er the heaving, tranquil tide:  
Smoothed for us, this glassy floor  
Stretches to yon elfin shore,  
Whither wavy paths of light,  
Strewn with rustling sparkles bright,  
Lead us; and our revelry,  
To the ocean's minstrelsy,  
Startles night's tranquillity.  
Come, youth and staid serenity,  
And join our midnight revelry."



## **A Night Visit Afloat**

On the phosphorescent sea,  
Pulling too right merrily,  
Playful sprites oft row:  
Magic spoon-blades throw  
Pearls of liquid light,  
Elfin bright,  
Into the iridescent night—  
Songs which seek to calm shy mermaids' fears:  
Lovely pearls which are their nacre'd tears:  
Snatches of song,  
With notes that to the lapping waves belong:  
Splashes of light,  
Whence startled maids, in zigzag, weird affright,  
Arrow along;  
Or quickly plunge to reach, through cleaving  
flight,  
Th' unruffled calm of spriteless, ebon night.

## **Airy Fancies**

Thoughts run about within my head,  
In dishabille,  
Like children who though gowned for bed  
Yet romp awhile.

I hear the pattering of feet  
Eluding me:  
I hurry; but they are more fleet  
Than ecstasy.

My midnight tossings only glimpse  
Them fretfully;  
While, though my verse too often limps,  
It joyously

Transcribes their beauty to some line  
Of lyric grace.  
Art claims her gifts must be divine,  
Since she can trace

Such airy fancies of the mind  
As baffle one,  
Like light on leaves, which, in the wind,  
Blink at the sun;

Till, having caught words' witcheries,  
Their rhythmic flow  
Sweeps joy along, in poesy's  
Ecstatic glow.

### **In the Morning Early**

Curt, incisive, like the "no,"  
With which you spurned me long ago,  
Would I make my last appeal;  
Yet to-night I somehow feel  
That my utmost reach of power  
Is to pluck hope's roseate flower,  
By surrender to this hour,  
When twinkling fairies run about  
In midnight frolic's elfin rout,  
In and out at their play,  
As we too may, my love, yes may,  
If you 'll only say me "yea."

I should love to teach you, love,  
The merry playfulness of love:  
I should love to have you feel,  
As rejoicing I now feel,  
The very witchery of love.

"Fairies, guide my pen aright;  
Only what you may indite,  
Dare I, listening, now write."

"In the morning early,  
Take a morning-glory:  
Fill it full of petals  
Of the sweetest roses,  
Steeped till evening closes  
In fresh morning dew;  
For of such, we friendly fairies,  
Under cover of the night,  
Working oft by glowworm light  
Mid the buttercups and daisies,  
Must distil that potent brew,  
Which your lover fond and true  
Begged that we might make for you.  
So, at this trysting hour of night  
When the waiting stars, long leaning  
On heaven's gate, hang dreaming,  
Leave your darkened bower unfearing,  
And venture forth by star-dust light:  
Take your brew along with you;  
And guarded by our elfin crew  
Roam the fairy fields, until  
You descry our moonshine still;  
When, low in the grassy gloom,  
Look with eager, loving care  
For a mushroom, white and fair:  
Once such table you have found,  
With the daintiest new broom,  
Made of trembling maidenhair,  
Just sweep up the jewelled ground,  
And at once be seated there—

On a nut, squirrel scooped—where  
You must take love's lowly seat;  
And while you star your heaven with thought,  
We will prepare what you have brought:  
But pick the bluebell at your feet,  
And, tilting, tintinnabulate,  
Should we fairy maids be late,  
In trooping back to circle you,  
And on our wands present to you  
Choice goblets of love's magic brew:  
If from one beaded buttercup,  
You, low bending, drink it up,  
Instantly you 'll taste true love,  
Own the sweetness of his love,  
And give full measure of your love;  
And with fairy lads and lasses,  
Mid the daisies and the grasses,  
You and he will romping play  
With us, for you 'll say him 'yea.'"

That is what they bade me say;  
Therefore I make bold to pray,  
Once again, that you to-day  
Read, relent, and be my May;  
And I add a line to say,  
Impatiently I wait your "yea."

## **Matrimony**

In my fancy's airy boat,  
Made of sea-foam, would I float;  
Borne by breezes, born of sighs,  
Such as fill a lover's eyes  
With a tenderness unknown:  
For a mast, a small fish-bone;  
And a shiny bit of scale,  
To provide a silver sail:  
Fitted thus, I 'd go with thee,  
Even to eternity;  
If so be you 'll ship with me  
For a voyage to that sea,  
The home of human destiny.

Skipper finding such a mate,  
Friends may well congratulate;  
For he 'll surely make his haven,  
Since your smiles to him are heaven.

## **The Stirring of the Spring**

Scenting spring in every breeze,  
Should not we, love, like the bees,  
Venture out between the showers  
To call upon the rainbow flowers?  
Dart past some; with others play;  
Or zigzagging fly away  
To some virgin bud or spray,  
Decked as for earth's bridal day?  
Visit honeysuckle bower,  
And dip in every chalice flower?  
Bathe in sunshine every day;  
Or loiter where the wild flowers stray

In the gipsy days of May?  
And when fragrance shows the way,  
Seek the modest violets,  
Whom no hummer e'er forgets?  
Bear away big beeves of gold;  
Sup where dainty sweets are sold;  
And drink of fullest life until  
You and I have had our fill?

### **The Fairies' Immunity**

On the billows of the deep,  
Mountain long and mountain steep,  
See us ride when storms arise,  
Clamoring to reach the skies;  
For with sails close-reefed we go,  
Plunging through those crests of snow,  
Whence wind-witches blow  
Clouds of spindrift snow  
To the troughs below.

Blow, ye breezes, softly, strongly;  
Waft us forward swiftly, slowly;  
    Dipping downward,  
    Climbing upward,  
Watch us through the tempest go,  
Laughing at the storms which blow;  
Though we scud along  
To the whistle of the song  
    Of the hurricane,  
    Or the wild refrain  
Of the billowing, bellowing main.

Giant seas break o'er us:  
Threatening billows rise before us;  
But their mountain menace  
    Causes no alarm,  
For about our pinnacle  
Tumbling, splash they, lacking strength of arm  
    To harm;  
Since earth, air and sea,  
And the unseen powers that be,  
Are in league, and near us,  
To shield us, and to bear us,  
    Far away,  
To where baby breezes play  
    With the light,  
Splashing it with fingers bright  
In their joy's intense delight  
    To be free to play  
    Peek-a-boo, all day,  
With the sun;  
Or again, with beaming faces run,  
Hand in hand as one,  
O'er the prairies of the sea,  
Till their leader snaps-the-whip so suddenly  
That the storms, in sheer dismay  
At such irrepressible display  
    Of the spirit of play,  
Veer right round, and slink away,  
Leaving us now free to play  
All the livelong sunny day;  
And with joyous ecstasy to say,  
Saw you ever such a day?

## Her Lips Are

Rubies, such as you 'll not find  
Anywhere so to your mind;  
Yet if you but make her smile,  
As wit can, once in a while,  
These divide, and, parting, show  
Isles of pearl, set in a row,  
Through the length of that wide sea,  
Stretched in laughing jollity:  
Healthful mirth and sunny glee  
Thence ripple forth contentedly;  
Whisperings, when love is nigh;  
Softest sighs, when love goes by;  
Breezy coquetries, and play,  
Such as suits light-hearted May;  
Jolly laughter's hearty blow,  
Through doldrum calms to speed the slow;  
Or, should thoughts come flying fast,  
Yes, a veritable blast,  
Where you feel reserve of power  
To start a gale at any hour.  
Such might be; but she, on me,  
Smiles as doth the sunlit sea,  
On whose gently heaving breast,  
Quieted my deep unrest,  
Love is lulled to dreamy rest;  
And when passed all earthly harm,  
Ocean's breathless, beauteous calm.



## **The Play of Light**

By day the sunbeams row around:  
Sometimes across the bay:  
Or wantonly they run aground,  
And tumble in the spray;  
But then you hear them laugh and roar,  
As they chase the waves along the shore.

Nightly the moonbeams take a dip,  
And splash about in gold:  
They never find the nights too long;  
The water 's ne'er too cold  
To take a swim far out to sea,  
In brilliant, breezy ecstasy.

## **Morning**

The horsemen of the day  
Have levelled all their lances at the night;  
And bugled by the dawn,  
Have driven far away,  
And scattered everywhere, in great affright,  
Her dusky legions. Oh, emplumèd morn,  
I do rejoice that I was born,  
If but to witness such a day,  
And see the glittering squadrons of the light  
Pursue the shattered forces of the night,  
Adown those cañoned valleys, now so bright:  
As we, too, hope to see victorious right  
O'erthrow the wrong, and set the world aright.

## Sunset-Gold

It must be that King Midas passed this way,  
Or else how could that spendthrift, Setting-day,  
Such prodigality of wealth display,  
That from my window-seat I naught behold,  
But ships cut out of solid blocks of gold;  
Or boats returning from that western shore,  
Whose barren hills are made of massive ore:  
Whose larger, mountain piles of golden snow  
Set every human heart, at once, aglow  
With passion to possess? Yet, could the eye  
Take in th' ethereal beauty of the sky,  
Or feel its ampler power to satisfy;  
Then would earth's wayworn travellers long to  
fly  
Unto those regions of unseen delight,  
Where faith shall no more grope, but walk by  
sight,  
In lands beyond the realm of coming night.



# Death



## **The Widowed Captain and His Boy**

Dumbly he sat and watched that ebbing life  
Recede, till failing strength slackened the strife:  
To stem the rising tide of tears, and stay  
Grief's choking grip, he gazed across the bay.

"The evening gun has not yet fired;  
And father, why am I so tired?"  
"All day you 've tossed about, my boy:  
*Thank God, the cry is 'Land ahoy.'*"

"Father, why is it that I feel  
So strange?" "My darling boy, your keel  
Is grating on the farther shore:  
*The sea of life he 'll sail no more.*"

"And father, who is this I see  
Coming with arms outstretched to me?"  
With a loud groan, thanks could not smother,  
He sobbed, "*Great God! It is his mother.*"

All night that stricken captain held the hand  
Of his dead child; and now I understand  
Why he with bated breath maintains, "The sea  
Is always full of a holy mystery."

## Behind His Bier

Roll in, thou dismal fog,  
And wrap the earth in gloom;  
For I to-day must stand  
Beside his open tomb.

Thy beady clamminess  
Sends shudders through my heart;  
And, in thy chilling breath,  
I feel death's counterpart.

Not with thy creeping stealth  
Did cruel death sneak in,  
But snatching, caught my boy,  
And mauled him in his gin.

The boy's keen love of life  
Welcomed the knife; but still,  
Death, grinning,<sup>1</sup> stood hard by,  
To thwart the surgeon's skill;

Till he who always looked  
On others tenderly,  
Himself, pursued by pain,  
Succumbed to agony.

Wherefore this cypress path,  
Which now, unmanned, I tread,  
To leave my manly boy  
In the home of those long dead.

<sup>1</sup> The hard, drawn smile of those with serious abdominal mischief is, perhaps, best described as a grin.

Thy gloomy pall, fog-spread,  
Hangs motionless and gray;  
But darker mystery  
Beshrouds the grave away.

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The fog begins to lift:  
The sunshine must break through.  
"Thy will, not mine," I pray,  
"Oh God, my faith renew."

### **At His Grave**

Leaves, they are falling;  
High winds are howling;  
Dark storms appalling,  
Everywhere, everywhere.

Tears, too, are falling;  
Human hearts breaking,  
For death is reaping,  
Everywhere, everywhere.

Gravel is falling,  
Helplessly falling,  
Dull thuds resounding,  
Everywhere, everywhere.

But while I stand brooding  
O'er life's hard schooling,  
Love still is ruling,  
Everywhere, everywhere.



## **Coast Breakers**

Roll in, ye playful waves; and ye  
    Whose bubble feet,  
Running far up from out the sea  
    The earth to greet,  
Splash snowy white upon the sand:

Stay, stay, ye boisterous waves, I know  
    Your rising laughter  
Doth often treacherously grow,  
    Like dire disaster,  
To have an undertow of wrath:

Down, down, ye waves, though gaping wide,  
    Your caverned jaws,  
And gleaming teeth, in hollows hide  
    Those crushing paws,  
Whose grip of hate whitens men dead;

While, with deep roars of sullen wrath,  
    Ye fling them dead,  
And dripping, on the lonely sand—  
    To bleach indeed,  
White as the clenched fist of fate.

But there is that in puny man  
    Death cannot kill:  
Ye merely break through bars which can  
    Imprison; till,  
Once free, his soul, with life elate,  
Wings to heaven's gate.

## **Lullabies**

A lullaby is a siren song,  
Which lures that dreamer, Sleep, away  
From sunset glories, and along  
Through woods where slanting sunbeams  
play,

Into that twilight gloom, where now  
A mother lulls her babe to rest:  
With wistful soothing strokes his brow,  
Or closer holds him to her breast;

But as Sleep softly brushes by,  
On crooning music's magic wing,  
The wizard closes baby's eye  
To downy, dreamy slumbering.

So may my weary eyelids close,  
And love sing lullabies to me;  
When death, the angel of repose,  
Rocks me to sleep eternally.

## Our Champion

Death was the champion wrestler long ago,  
Who sneering stood upon the crowded stage  
Of life, with bones akimbo—privilege  
Of taunters proud. But now, it is not so;  
For even we, the weakest, hence may go  
Forth to our bout with him; and, to his rage,  
Secure the under grip, if we engage  
To truly trust the only one we know  
Has ever risen from a fall by him,—  
And he, the Christ, who let himself be thrown,  
To prove death's utmost; yet, seeming undone,  
On Easter morn a troop of cherubim  
Hailed Him the victor, tendered Him the crown,  
Who from the grave, at dawn, came forth alone.

## Sunset

If when the day streams in, glad sense of life  
Fills and o'erflows the current of our thought;  
At eventide when mountain shadows wing  
Their sombre flight, out to the dark unknown,  
Delusive dreams of youth no longer lure;  
Nor gild ambition's sky with promises,  
Whose morning splendors turn to baneful glare.

The kindly tints of memory here blend  
To soften harshness with beguiling light;  
For age,—whose hazy dreamy memories  
Have charms sweeter than dawn's bright hope-  
fulness,  
Or brazen noonday's fierce consuming zeal,—  
Smiles softly, through that pensive afterglow  
Whose soothings tinge the tranquil close of day.

And since all nature settles to repose,  
No strife should mar that hour when all is hushed  
Save solemn gurglings from the croaky marsh,  
Or mating birds that sing of life to come;  
For silence soul-like to repose invites;  
While earth, air, sky, and passionate deep reflect  
The quiet confidence of evening's calm.

Despite all dark misgivings, dreaded night  
Steals peacefully into our dreamy thought,  
And death proves powerless to awaken fear;  
For evening's muffled shadows, gliding on,  
Past mountain ranges, out beyond the night,  
Lead thought to where thought must un-  
    sandalled go,  
And lose itself in the wide realm of worship.

Awed by the darkness, and its silences,  
Our humbled thought in adoration bows;  
While hallowed lips repress praise felt too deep  
For utterance, save as we kneel in prayer;  
Whence, rising, chastened faith unfalteringly  
Puts out her hand, and through the darkness  
    walks,  
In clearer seeing confidence, with God.

## **Epilogue**

Lord of the ages which are past,  
Lord of the ages yet to be,  
Man who was in Thy image cast,  
Like Thee, is of eternity.

His backward glance tracks the long trail  
Of past endeavor, by Time's wrecks;  
But former failures naught avail  
To stay the man who heavenward treks.

The nations are a jostling crowd,  
Whom prejudice and passion school;  
Though even where 't is least avowed,  
Misguided love is still the rule.

Shut in by narrow enmities,  
We trudge without that view sublime  
Of him who climbs until he sees,  
That patriotism may be crime.

Huge, mountain blindness hems us in;  
But passes of the present lead,  
Through suffering, the trail of sin,  
To plains of broader love indeed.

Short-sighted, blind, our faith must be,  
If from the pinnacles of hope  
We see not, with glad ecstasy,  
A future full of boundless scope.

Lord of the ages which are past,  
Lord of the ages yet to be,  
We stumble on; but man, at last,  
Shall walk with man, in charity.



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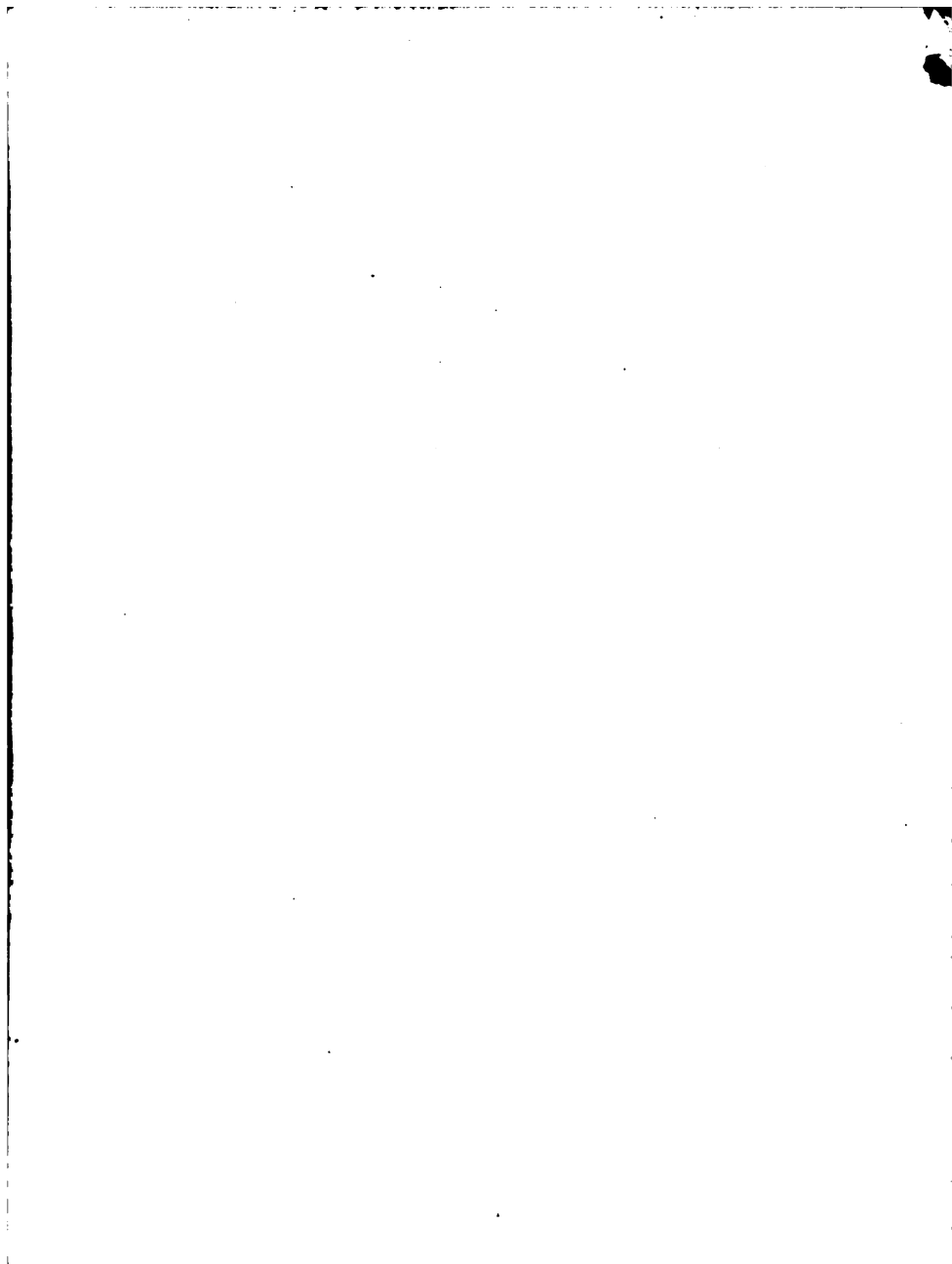
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